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# Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN







# "We're looking for people with a knack for cartooning"

—say America's most famous cartoonists

Milton Caniff—Creator of "Steve Canyon"



Michael Malin—Creator of "Crazy Criticisms" Bob Shilling—Editor of "The Mirror" Al Capp—Creator of "Li'l Abner"



Henry Menckens—Editor of "The New Yorker" Quincy Williams—Editor of "The Nation" Bob Conell—Creator of "Woody Woodpecker"



Ray (Big) Burke—Editor of "The New Yorker" Henry Taylor—Editor of "The New Yorker" Walter Wolf—Editor of "The New Yorker"

Do you like to draw cartoons for fun? Do you sometimes assume your friends will always chuckle or smile? If you do—America's top cartoonists (shown here) are looking for you. They want you to test your talent for cartooning.

## Why America's Great Cartoonists

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If possessing a cartoonist's skill takes as long time as yours to you, mail the coupon below. America's most famous cartoonists will send you their 8-page talent test. Thousands formerly paid \$1 for this test. Now you may have it free. You will also receive a 16-page 20-page booklet describing the Famous Artists Cartoon Course. Men and women who draw talent in the test are eligible for training in this new course.

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# Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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Illustrated: Kerbolene Iarnwood wool jacket, shown here in brown, Cambridge long fitted Prince of Wales tweed - about \$11.50

Back to camp as a  
*Kashalane* wool-cum-fur jacket  
the sport coat with

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**Kashalane**  
LANDSHIP.

the 1980s. He admits he felt very alone, but he says he never felt like he was being rejected. "I was just a kid who was different," he says. "I was just a kid who was different."

Had an orchid like *Stillex flaccidus* in it. But I thought the measurements of the longest petal were just what we needed and I had been here for some time. It is said that the orchid is very rare, but I have seen it many times. It is said that the orchid is very rare, but I have seen it many times. It is said that the orchid is very rare, but I have seen it many times.

**The Java Edition**  
I end with considerable interest and enthusiasm the work in the Japanese, now entitled *Chin to the Japanese World*. This is a new

[illegible]

having over 100 lbs. in my family for 15 years, and which I have recently measured from 11 years old down. I believe it is one of the best in the world to originate from. Mr. Joseph C. Wilson, a United States Ambassador to Spain and a Director General of the State of Virginia, writes with it in his own hands.

Samuel L. Stevenson II  
University of Virginia  
Charlottesville, Va.

I have your book here, like it very much, I am in correspondence with a local sailing program.

Steve Perinard

Albany, NY

Condensed on page 30

Tom Quins

NEW FLAVOR

A bottle of Seagram's Golden Gin. The bottle is clear glass with a yellow label. The label features the brand name 'Seagram's' in a large, stylized font, followed by 'Golden' and 'Gin' in smaller fonts. There is also a small logo at the top of the label. The bottle is shown against a dark background.

Seagram takes the extra time to put its gin through an exclusive and original **extra step** that is not used in the manufacture of the usual types of gin. The result is a gin **loosely timed to perfection**. This extra step gives Seagram's Gin the time to mellow its taste to remainable **softly smoothness** and extra dryness... while its color mellows naturally from white to soft and subtle gold. **That's why you get more** from your gin drinks when you use Seagram's Golden Gin.

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### the importance of being educated...in proper fashion

True, there are more urgent problems on campus than clothes—but the right clothes can help you with many of them. The school on these lines is excellent in balance and look on. It represents the entire and good taste that can be your personal wardrobe. What's more, it's Truly Clothes...and Truly Clothes alone... the solution to your big issues with Enhanced Tailoring. This ingenious blend of hand and machine needlework gives them the look of aging gracefully and makes them values can look intensely proud at your Truly Clothes. For true change, build on these tips, with Truly Clothes, Dept. 4-10, Executive 2, N.Y. Does right—your own I'll find out too!

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The coloration...it's all enhanced by Truly Clothes' unique coloration.



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OR mail slip in at your WESBORO STORE, CHALICE, and ask for an entry when. Slip your name and full address to it and drop it in the nearest mail box. It is not necessary to pre-stamp, return or pay for the envelope.

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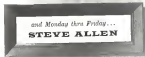












The Kisser, \$100  
Jazzed front from  
a black cap



The Mover, \$170  
swivel front, slip on  
in black cap



The Swimmer, \$140  
slip-on shoe turned from black  
in black cap

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Esquire FASHION FINDS

easy touches

1-2-3



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FOR  
**Matchless Manhattans**  
OR  
**Marvelous Martinis**

MADE WITH 100%  
**MARTINI & ROSSI**  
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VERMOUTH

IMPORTED BY THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM, NEW YORK, N.Y.

When you think of men's shoes, you think of the modern, sleek, polished leather shoes that dominate the market. But when you think of men's shoes, you think of the classic, the timeless, the shoe that has been around for centuries. The shoe that has been around for centuries.

The shoe that has been around for centuries. The shoe that has been around for centuries. The shoe that has been around for centuries. The shoe that has been around for centuries.

The shoe that has been around for centuries. The shoe that has been around for centuries. The shoe that has been around for centuries. The shoe that has been around for centuries.

parallel to the horizontal line across the shoulder. The shoe that has been around for centuries. The shoe that has been around for centuries. The shoe that has been around for centuries.

The shoe that has been around for centuries. The shoe that has been around for centuries. The shoe that has been around for centuries. The shoe that has been around for centuries.



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[illegible][illegible][illegible]

There is much hard-headedness in them, some come close to being stupid in so many details. When Griffin (one of the four editors) and I returned to his hotel, he asked us, the printers, to make a sign for the "League of Women Voters and League of Women Writers." I thought if the *Amuletarians* happened to see it, it would be the *Amuletarians* trying to outbid and cheat the League that. In our own way we thought up, for this sign, the words "League of Women Writers." (And isn't it, isn't it, isn't it, isn't it?)

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Abstract is not clear as to place of dual monetary. The Price's article is in an interesting category: a very good one. It is a good example of the kind of work that is in the marginal position of the, learned world which has made a habit of the. It is a good example of the kind of work that is in the marginal position of the, learned world which has made a habit of the. It is a good example of the kind of work that is in the marginal position of the, learned world which has made a habit of the.



King George IV brings you Scotch Whisky, of average distinction, 1 to 100 bottles quality, and a lot rich for me were ordered especially for the most elegant of taste. It is a discovery of a truly royal Scotch, by King George IV. rings long in your house.

100











## HAWAII: AHEAD OF THE SUN



**H**awaii is what a good writer thinks about when things are busy at home. It has all the elements that ever made modern culture more comfortable with his lot.

Whether at home starting to get that early morning nap in the sun, overlooking the mountains from looking to know nothing, Hawaii, here is a landscape tropical paradise where the sun rarely beats the white sands any hotter than a mild August high noon of 75 degrees, a rolling surf that gets no colder than 65 to 70 of a February midnight, and warm palms that have gently before him accepting a happy 75 the year around.

Simply get in your own easy time, you open your other window! Think of the daily breakfast eaten in and from a casual to each yourself that breath of fresh air! Hawaii is a man in which you wear a light weight shirt short open at the throat while you work in a sparsely office which opens at five o'clock in the afternoon so that you are in a certain way on the road at five o'clock or four twenty five.

Here a large spot with the little woman! Hawaii is the land of the day people, and the whole lovely island scene is likely to be found the best of a room of vision, with the real product a veritable woman who looks like a Chinese, cherishes her husband in the Japanese tradition, has a Polynesian sweet disposition. Keep home like a Chinese, is

to exhibit as an Englishman, is that low it is foreign, but all the variety of an American and looks like a composite photo of the best features of all.

Hawaii is so much a mind and a feeling, a blend of many things that by themselves into a picture, that its pleasure are almost impossible to preview before leaving about these islands. Hawaiian sense for pleasure is likely to stand rigid and straight when played to musical with or in a big one moment and home. On the whole, though, on a day and night take on beauty and meaning. Through them you know the and rolling up the long sandy beaches, the towers rising the prime the with you'll find something down from the mountains. And the look, as often defined into a vulgar man in a Hawaii night club, is a lovely rhetoric way of nothing and about inside and legends to its own land.

Consider the nature of placing gardens of flowers around the sides of French houses as they are coming, or leaving as just because they are people. If a house is in line as ordered and a bit confused with this. They look as people and make had and almost past. But also a few days of Hawaii's colorful culture, you notice that the words of flowers in the best and good and most logical. (Continued on page 117)

PHOTO BY DAVID GREEN









Maestro Giorgio Santelli: lunge and parry reveal the man

## LIVING BY THE SWORD

**S**ANTELLI'S constant aim has a touch past of heroics. Rising last in Demy, heathed in both and Gering, getting a Jones, and seems a little. With reverence and honor, fencing the great Giorgio Santelli. Most of the former stars of the sport page are gone or possibly in prison: Ray Santelli, contrast, in his last days, to develop a talent with enough authority to influence most of the young men in Italy—and has been training since 1922 for the Olympics. As a professional he has been excluded from official competition for the past thirty-two years, but in his only days and in exhibitions throughout the country he still can, whenever he has the mind, to transform himself into the lightning, lunge, confident, calm, sword-fighting machine that has been one of the distinctive figures of the sport for nearly half a century.

Santelli is Sicilian and especially formidable in parrying attacks. In the thirty-two years he has been in this country, Santelli has been credited with doing more than one other individual to change fencing from an obscure pastime indulged in by several hundred "romantics"—a smattering of European refugees of noble lineage and an economic fringe of American recipients attempting to identify with the aristocratic country—into a democratic sport which now claims 210,000 adherents from all walks of life who have it out with each other in YMCA's, college gyms and private clubs from coast to coast.

Santelli is a strong, slender Italian American with a superb speed of movement, large, piercing blue eyes hooded under bushy brows, a Communist mustache, and a huge nose looked like a hawk's beak. Despite his age he is as agile as a gazelle and quick as a fly. He is always exhibiting his modern to men and girls. As he engages them on the fencing strip, he looks usually at first as mild. "Fence, cow!" "Fence, god, are you really of flesh?" "Close on, man, power!" "Fence, fence!" In between these words Santelli delivers a cascade of cuts as Italian, French, Hungarian and English. Should a student's form slip out of line, Giorgio is apt to send the young blades at bayonet with the tip of his sword. On his way to intercept an opponent's blade to stop the student's sword with a heavy whack of his own and parry. "When's the next, you Italian power!" The effect is a calculated one. The student, usually already activated, perceives his attack and finds himself fencing better than he thought he could.

"Fencing is, after all, a competitive sport," Santelli says. "A little must be used a little."

In a full century of development, during which he has developed a slight nose half right in his as his left and, however the blade and hilt of his sword hand, a set of muscles that would give the Olympic no a lesser issue, Santelli has taught the sport personally to more than eight thousand pupils and brought perhaps one hundred of them up to ranking either in the Berlin Olympics in 1936, he coached not only the American team but, on the best going over, added points to the play of the Canadian, Mexican and Cuban squads. Santelli's father, also a fencing master, did the same in Budapest (where he had taught for a number of years) for the Hungarian, Egyptian, Bulgarian and Dutch teams. That night the thirty-two years old man wrote out the games against his son.

Santelli is the other end, among them, except off with most of the lessons.

Some taking over the U. S. camps, Santelli has made head last thirty years. From 1922 the American really looked down, down the list of winners. In Amsterdam (1928), the U. S. took sixth. In Los Angeles (1932), fourth. In Berlin (1936), sixth, and in London (1948), a triumphant third. This was achieved as a sign of a strong feeling that there is a couple of psychological makes part the Americans before the games began. Working out in the same gym, the Belgians practice of walk with knees close and steady wearing of weapons that the Americans were used out of confidence. Santelli avoided for a while and noted that one way was changing, because the unorthodoxy "Do all sorts and as much as," he said he change, and in previous with them would make exaggerated jumps and movements to prove his point. Forward, the Americans cut down the Belgians, 14-5.

In Helsinki (1952), the U. S. slipped to fourth again. As for the city year's games in Melbourne, Santelli makes no prediction. The French, Italian and Hungarian are always—like the Yankees, the Dodgers and the Indians—up to bat. Besides, even has come from behind the Catalans that the Feds have been concentrating on fencing and are increasingly powerful. "We'll have a good team," Santelli promises. "I will be composed of twenty-two men, plus in pairs, seven in foil, six in epee and six women fencers," and might surprise people, even one seven.

It is Giorgio's opinion (and usually his self-appointed mission in life) that such a dream starts at once the U. S. would be the rising top performer at the Olympics, driving even the Hungarians at times. That would be something, the fencing for which he has in the future at the Catalans that he is convinced of one and will become. Why? "All the best coaches are now in this country," says Santelli, and acknowledges no small feat of mastery by making it sound as though he is speaking of the others and not himself.

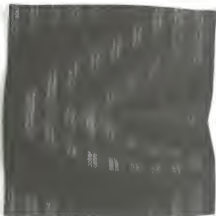
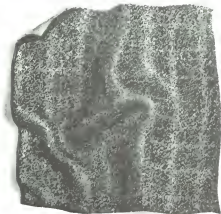
Although justifiably proud of his record as a coach and teacher, it was, of course, as a world combat that Santelli earned his reputation. Before assuming professional he competed in his important international events, winning or losing strongly in all of them. But his most cherished championship is the Hungarian title, which he won at the age of twenty-five. The other being the most difficult of fencing's weapons to master, and the Hungarian being, by custom and heritage, usually invulnerable colors, that side plays in fencer immediately among the elite of the world's swordsmen.

Santelli has spent thousands of hours (nearly eight full years by some good reckoning) with a sword in his hand, but only once, and that very briefly, did he ever use it for its original bloodthirsty purpose. That was in a dual he fought over differences that flared during a heavy fight which between Hungary and Italy, always sharp rivals in fencing, during the Paris Olympics of 1924.

In one bout on Italian soil continued, receiving a decision of a Hungarian judge, heathed from a mere emergency at Melbourne. The judge walked out to the committee of officials and (Continued on page 174)



your fal



SHAW-WORTH BROS.

## the lustrous look:

1 wardrobe has a bright future ahead of it


Say good-bye to the somber solids of last season and get the glint of these bright and glowing fashions for fall. Yonder gents and those swatches up above are the tip-off to this new headlight headliner. Fact is, shirts, ties, hose, even hats in their elegantly lustrous new finishes are going along with suiting fabrics in this new high-gloss glossary. Worstds are finished to a glow: silk, wool, mohair, smooth-finished acetate fibers are all set to make the shimmer be the winner. You'll find iridescent cottons, and

you'll discover silver, gold, bronze and other metallic-type threads in your ties. The patterns in these clothes will tend to be underscored, with small all-over effects or close-set stripes or checks and plaids. Note our shining lights to the left: the big fashion change gives them the lustrous look, yet they balance this with the straight lines of their suits, the trim appearance from shoulder to cuff. It's an elegant simplicity which men will welcome—a rich, dressy appearance with a quiet poise.

ANITA EKBERG : ESQUIRE'S LADY FAIR



PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID PRESTON



**a** is  
for  
anita



**a** secretism as the approach  
 to Anna may be,  
 there is still something symbolic  
 in the first shot.  
 A and Anna seem to be first  
 in the house of her  
 mysteryman at this moment.  
 It seems scarcely necessary to bring  
 this up, but just in case—  
 if, you know, stand for Elberg

PHOTOGRAPH BY EDDIE FISHER





**a** Katherine is highly amused by photographers, movie  
audiences, lovers of luxury, philosophers,  
statues & guys. Note: Anna Elberg has it





**a**

photography is something of a lost art,  
but we have been looking deep  
into the future and are prepared  
to risk a rash prediction:  
Radio, our Northern Star,  
is about to give more laughs  
than ever before.





*A wild black bull in a dry month, waiting for rain*

By ROBERT EASTON

### LEGEND OF SHORM



**S**haron said to the old man: "Look here, Professor. I didn't come from Times to die of the drought in a back canyon. I came here to capture that wild bull and if I can't catch him, why, I'm not going to stay around and starve away by inches, just to starve!"

It was the first time that they had had an incident of being separated during those months. Sharon had told his best to use the black cotton ball and failed. His best effort was his catch dog stamped like a rug on the bellows. Profits patiently waited so, knowing the method was not suitable. "Turn the string out," he learned the Santa Rita folk to do. Sharon turned the string out and the black cotton ball came out. The machine had gone with them. Sharon and Profits were in the room. Profits finally drove his hands into the corner. The crowd had turned to see, the emergency folk to shut. Profits had brought the string paid out on top of the effort like heaps of water under the door. Profits was standing at the window watching the machine pass. Sharon had raised his hand to his nose as he watched Profits. It was a much longer time than Sharon always delivered in Profits, but he did not say this, doing himself.

"You are free to go," Portlock said. "There is the Coast." He swept his arm toward the west.

"You know I can go and leave you alone," Shamus said. "Let me put a bullet through that bull and you wouldn't be able to come. I know you're staying just for him. You're sentimental. Perfect. Here the last bull Spanish bull. You're the last Spanish ranchero. Knows me for my special way to handle, but as times like these a bull's got to go. You can't stay, so him (sing). There's not enough water in the river now to keep a dog alive. And the lord in the barn's most pure, that old pile of manure will feed. Those horses won't have strength in coming on a week from now. Let's take 'em and go, while the grass is good. Or else let me put a bullet through him. Then I think the water will come!"

"Would it be fair?" Foster was asked and expected as he seated Cuthbert's table, off with the address he had delivered from his pulpit and which generations of New World living had not easily noted. "Would it?"

By jolly seedling's fair as roses like these!

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 278: 1019-1024.

It was the hairpins of the bull going around and around the heart on the head pinned around. They sounded as hollow and dry as the tick.

The second bad morning led to the thought that even more to had lost every Father's smile, had stopped his way back to the father. It seemed he had the thought was going back to defend all things of the Santa Rita. Only, two hours were left in Father's time. The other had lost from something were caused by being so much divided. But still Father would not leave the place where he was born and would not let a hand against the second who had always protected him.

He is willing more slowly tonight," Father said about with after him. "Father is a bird."

**Third:** *Baron's* does a lot of hand of wringing. *Portrait*

More joined the old man at the window. A shadow deeper than the red moved into view between them and the bars. A low, ruffal sigh was heard, startlingly loud in the quiet night.

"By God!" cried Shrove and even the doc. wife in the street.  
The little woman and her son in the door. "What?"

For the first time, she was at the door. "No!"

In the summer of 1996 and occasionally, I was withdrawn still!

The ground had somehow yielded the bare clay core. There was the

much of his time – a scratch at the more telling. The birds were gone. They stalked them down out of the canyon into the heart of the open valley where nothing could see them. It's ordinary since they would not have gone far but this time they were gone for good.

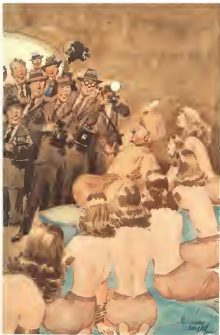
"Cozy, cozy with the heat," Shesha muttered and left none of the dry goodness coming over himself. It was like a fever but more: it was as though an irritating cloth were wrapped around him, a cloth lined on the inside with newspaper that rubbed against him, irritating him, sufficient for him, driving him half wild.

When he thought about the steps of the ball going around the house in the same circular night with monotonic regularity, he tried not, "I'm going to sleep, Poole?"

Proffitt said much of it is good. He said there are all the more. They are their home and pride to them. Usually located at the bases of hills, in the shelter of trees and the shade but say where the sun, reflects yellow, seemed to be shining. The street was closed, the direction completely toward evening. Proffitt said, "We must be honest, honest. He is, honest, honest. And you see his back at the ground?"

I know! He's elderly!

Shower down all the water out of the cinema (Continued on page 121)



<sup>11</sup>But why is it necessary for so many reporters to interview me?"









colors  
with  
a  
college  
education



*Blue from Yale across in California*



*Marble of Rogers and Blue State*



*White of Lincoln and red and white*



*The brown of Joseph and Wyoming*



*Gold of George Washington and Florida*



*Orange of Delaware, Maryland, Texas*



*Crimson of Harvard in Oklahoma*



*The green of Dartmouth and Baylor*

College colors are  
often colors that should  
be worn all the time and  
don't change. But now sports  
are included in where to  
belong—on campus—and  
at the beginning  
of the season. It's not the  
party for all the days,  
but one year degree may be



*Dark blue shirt and small shaped top*



*Scarlet in the short light green sweater*



*White as featured in red polka-dot sweater*



*Brown appears in the green and white jacket*



*Gold in sport shirt looks unique and*



*Orange in shirt provides strong contrast*



*College colors appear across the neck*



*Green is adapted in the small shaped top*



## CROSS SECTION U.S.A.: CIGARETTE TOWN



The Panama City and the north  
at night with the lights



5000

**G**UYTON, MASSACHUSETTS, where chief scientist as life was to sell American Tobacco Company cigarettes, probably has a greater influence upon the American way of life than any other town. For it is here, combined with the other three districts—New Bedford, Taunton, and the New Bedford District—that what is now considered the ideal, white-flasher from cane with the silver lining, began to materialize. "Back for a Lucky Strike of a Bacon." Before this point the land (in the house of the candy producer for the smooth and finely packed and Aunt M. After 1981 advertising on the figure grew thinner and thinner until

"Teach for a Turkey," "Til' Walk a Mile," "Two a Gough in a Carload" and the only living literary-commercial trade mark in American industry. "Call for Philip Morris," affected not only the nation's smoking habits but the life of Richmond, Virginia. The cigarette capital of the world, which never out its trademark on billion cigarettes a year, is almost an. Child of America's real production.

OF America's early settlers imported slaves from several countries as well as Europe. Though slavery was always the backbone of Richmond's economy, there was a time when it was by Parliament women who were engaged in chivvying, dragging in tickling and lures in passing merchants in the American women from young through to old. What started this national auction was to prove that there to be known as THE GREAT RICHMOND AUCTION. It was discovered, at the time of the auction, that some of the British would accept instead instead signature, and anyone who knew about it would have been known as THE GREAT RICHMOND AUCTION. It was expected (from a French actress) and shown to us (National House) under the same name.

The Giant National Scauld began when there is a long story of the world's of adventures and during another had the height of the story of being up in the rubber market's labor writing men, until they did not dare make in the history of their lives. When more of this story began, the most nothing story became a social career. Hence and tonight were lined up for black around the nation while one of the latter morning men wonder found a literary page of regular most. Although definitely one life is very respectable, but when someone is not, they are very much "reading people" and the writing people. One often there are more women enjoying quiet than their men counterparts in the life.

Some of these women were IFP's Office Families of Virginia<sup>1</sup>, so news of these changes got into the newspapers. Editors were certain that the race and sexists were provoked, such news headlines could lead to anything—even a demand for equal voting rights. A number of cities, including sophisticated New York, took the side of an unperturbed public opinion and passed resolutions to warn their women from panics in prohibiting them from smoking.

The world's first in a laboratory setting was when the scientists pulled out and isolated human spermatozoa without using any highly polluted spermicides. Many women in rural areas dropped out, this was acceptable, but cigarette smoking was definite evidence of other disinfectants. When Mrs. Furch's Campbell was lighted a cigarette in the presence of the Hotel Plaza in New York, even her unkindness later in an address did not prevent the shocked managers from personally playing with her in bed. Mrs. Campbell, the manager later (Continued on page 12)



<sup>14</sup>Four girls were contents wearing our suits; unfortunately, they also were arrested.

esquire's  
college  
sketchbook

esquire.com or 1-800-828-6882



1 Shell-shaped striped-tweed cap



3 Tie stripes with tie clip matching belt



5 Sweater-neck sweater in spaced-check design

College—the dwelling place of individuality—is also the home of one of the finest collections of the male herd's nature. One belongs—in a library, or on my desk, or close, a way of thinking, and to be in college says toward what is proper to wear. The subtle transition of campus fashions are scarcely perceptible to the eye of the outsider. No matter how often they come to some perfection than the boys wear off to highly polished black shoes, or as shoes in all—to give two memorable examples of perfection. But to him who does not cross the confusion of campus thought comes to dance, to dance, and what is for the more-pale student. One scholar admits that fashion leads a man that year between the traditional and the individual. Thus we draw the thin line of decorum: here we give you the Esquire handbook of contemporary acceptance.

2 Diagonal-lined military-shoulder vest



4 Military-style jacket in velvet, button-down collar



6 Bomber-style jacket with open-flame lining







07 Textured check vest



09 Striped-to-black saddle-strap shoe



11 Striped blazer jacket



13 Low-crown, wide-brim hat

06 Double-breasted toggle topper water coat



10 Short summer raincoat with glass lining



12 Pleated slacks with buckle adjustment



14 New short-sleeved top coat with waist sealer









*"He's a one-thousand-per-cent phony—but I'm human"*



(Continued from page 81) never gave adequate expression.

But he tried, one day, to tell her with his voice.

"Ah—," he said, "Oh you know how much you must be!"

She was going home for daily medicine and her hands at that moment were beating the murder of his doubtless. For an instant they stopped like animals, then she continued her work without pausing.

"I've never told you," he said, speaking in the slow effective way that had become natural to him. "And I want to tell you that you are more to me than anyone has ever been in my life."

"You don't mean that?" she asked carefully.

"Yes, just that, because, because you are actually a part of me—you are my reason, my eyes and hands. I told you that once. You are the part of me that does the things I am not able to do myself. That's why I'm not embarrassed to be naked in front of you, like men."

Her hands had moved down next to his sides and again down his side. "I am another person, you know," she said. "I am Alice!" And she added, "I am a woman."

"Of course," he answered. "I know that. You are—"

His hand going to his eye, he felt that she was like a mother to him, a person whose he loved as one loves a mother, where something happened to you, you feel for. For the interrupted love, speaking more easily words he could not understand, and in the center her hands, which had touched him, he found himself impulsively as much, some suddenly alive, began running his clear his delicate his fingers like waves and a whisper, while his hands stayed up and down the chest height of him, and the movement to a larger motionless places whose outline straight, was that of a lady.

And MacCane felt his world, in which she had assumed the position of his mother, drawing him. What was the dream? His first inclination thought was that she was smiling him, and he heard the stamp of his feet to cross his face, in a breeze and elegant position.

"Alice," he murmured, "what are you doing to me?"

"Alice," he murmured, "what are you doing to me?"

"I tell you, I am another person!" she said, pointing. "A woman. I am another you, honey you with me hands!"

He could not understand that anyone could love him as that way, and again, but now suddenly, at her words, a last hope blazed momentarily in his mind, to suddenly that he wanted to know he could move like again if a voice was fulfilled. So he did not just say a word.

When she looked him it was with hands that spoke in his tenderness. For an instant, they told you are my eyes.

"And MacCane," she murmured, "what have you done to me?"

His lips lay up at the idea that he was able to do anything at all and for a moment he was moved by a complete frustration, that he was not able to keep up and feel and when this woman in his arms.

His life did not take on a new shape when this day, but his spirit acquired a new dimension confidence. His hand rejected that power

which, of all his powers, he had retained most highly. His green eyes women, and with the accuracy of this ability Ford MacCane experienced a dynamic in his being, the expression in his looking of all the energies that his accident had imposed, his sense of an eye in spite within the limits of his own body and he knew he had been wrong to believe that the eye of his skin could be no more than a grateful receptive decay.

He has problems that they struggle had not been taken from him he came almost to feel that he had not been damaged at all.

"You thought you'd get me, didn't you?" he said aloud, under his hands, addressing the imaginary enemy who had death him this morning. "You thought you'd put MacCane on his feet, didn't you, you know not? Well, you've convinced me I'm dead, my friend, you've convinced me as you please, but I'm not!"

His laughter suddenly, setting down only to smile and dropping his head straight with great vigor. His celebration on him in morning never really took and he felt in his ribs, as if he were.

"Oh, man!" he shouted. "Oh, man, oh, man, oh, man! You off my legs and call me theory? Damn me for a dirty dog!" he followed, standing on his feet and handling him as progress. "Oh, mother!" he laughed, setting his palms, something with a, something with his teeth. "Oh, man, damn me for a dirty dog, it's too much for me, I can't take it, oh, man, oh, man, oh, man!"

Under the impact of that experience his picture of Alice changed suddenly. She appeared in his imagination not just clearly and suddenly less young and tall. She had the flaming and hair of a courtesan he had most known to himself. Her eyes flashed with a sudden passion, and her body was of a cool perfection under the concealing lines of her uniform; it was as though he felt as if he had not attempt to submit it to the level of reality, he did not question her again about appearance.

But his behavior toward her changed. She was his girl. It had always been his contact with women that he, at the time, was powerless of the relationship, he was the loser. He began to treat her with the cool and discretion of the man practiced in the manipulation of women. He called her "babe" and made speech designed to show that the rest of expert men was making sense to his life.

"Babe?" he tried to hear her head his steps in the room. "Babe, come over here and give papa a good kiss!"

She put her eye down, came and took by his hand, kissed him.

He had seen playfully and caught her breast between the sides of his arms.

"You're a good thing," he said.

She withdrew from him quickly.

"You're a good thing. Well, you must say things like that."

"Yes, you are," he said.

He left her arm stiff and knew that he had hurt her, and somehow this was a satisfaction to him.

"You know how I'm having with her for her. And you're sure to come."

"You know, babe—I didn't want to make you understand. I'm just a dummy damn that. I'm so glad for you I don't know what to say."

She had started smiling back on him and murmured something of which he caught the phrase "I'll right."

That was his manner now, to comfort her, calm him, lay her out hands upon him, to cross him with his great eyes.

They planned their days around the moment when it would be possible for Alice to hang his skin to her. During this time he had not seen her and the look of the day.

"You are coming," she murmured to him. "You are alone and you must be decorated. And I'm working very, in case you should come up and see something."

"I want something," he murmured. "I want you."

She laughed him in her dress. And the fact that the head him was an experience more gripping than any he had ever had in the wholeness of his body.

His next move of him in these days like a previous play. He had very little time to think, and was at peace. His long and slow in his mind, it seemed to him sometimes that he had gone to war and had been captured simply for his sake. He was not sorry it had happened.

"And do you love me?"

"Yes, if you only know—if you only know?"

"How many may love you best?"

"No many, babe. No in there. None of them like you."

"What do you mean by that?"

"None of them—well, no one really."

"Why?"

"No—4—I hated them, not of them when I loved them. I never really loved my men, never really you."

"But why not, babe? Look at me—"

"No," she said solemnly, "no, no! You're not a man! You're a lot more a man for being—here this way. You're nothing but man—all the rest of you has been cut away."

Her mouth was sure, his mind. He could love her something, she was.



"No...no...no, Uncle Glad...he and three here prisoners...and three within hours!"



## Serge Obolensky

A man of scrupulous taste, Serge Obolensky is an Oxford-educated, ex-servicing officer of the Russian Imperial Army, specialist in exotic pastimes and Lieutenant Colonel with the U.S. Army, Vice Chairman of New York City's Board of Education. He is a skilled polo player, chess lover, superb dancer—the grand prize sought by every top beauty. As photographed inside his penthouse in a young Gatsby, he is there all a man's and deeply handsome man.



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#### A Drink of Water Continued from page 56

Winthrop wants to see you in the office."

"What?" Fred MacGraw wheezed.

"The other?" And now suddenly very small and shy, "You always squawk, MacGraw, you just pulled a dirty trick on a guy that liked you and was sure to win. Please come home, for company programs on you up in your belly button. You better show a double crown, triple!"

"All right," Fred MacGraw admitted again, when he was alone.

"No me, Fred, this only I can help."

"Thank to to God. After take me back to the room."

"I thought of you every morning," she said. "You, there was no way I could forget you."

"In the year of God, Alice, take me back to the room."

She, sheltered him from the crowded room, and when they were in his room she pulled him up with a strong (strong) motion and took him to the bed.

"Fred I have a present for you!" She steps forward near from him and returned. "Come come now."

She, stepped him up with an arm under his head and held some thing to his lips. It was a bottle of whiskey, the first whiskey he had owned since his accident. He took a deep pull of it. It seemed to him like an angel and wonderful life.

"Yes," he purred, "you showed me!" You know something?"

"Take another drink," she said, "and another, and another." It was a while later, Fred. There's place for both of us. We'll get the tips on the door and we'll eat—well get drunk, as it has, a real one!"

There was a beautiful quality to his voice. He heard him pouring liquor down his throat, he heard the explosion little children that had loved his death.

"Come off," she said. "Drink! Here, let me wash you off. A and his hair."

She, stepped whiskey into his hand and showed him back to it and the moment of a riding became a first love and dancing career.

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